

The Critic

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The Obsolescence of Barrel-Organ Poetry.

THE curves, the sheen, the snow-curls of the waves are no more delicately symptomatic of the unrest of the sea, than the state of the ideal arts, in any epoch of change, is symptomatic of the turmoil of the mind of the age. Breathe upon the delicate volutes and arabesques of a frost-fern, and it is gone; jostle the green crape of a cedar tree, and its fairy robe of frosty diamonds slips away; ply the axe of science against the dying trunk of any given philosophy of nature, and the petals of poetry are the first to fall. We are on the threshold of a grander poetic era. The Genius of Beauty is not dead, but is only preparing for a new avatar.

The secret of content in these times is philosophical heroism; the secret of art, objectivity. Through the cheerful, passive soul the currents of beauty and glory will flow,—and they flow through no other. But contrast the deep vistas of time, the pictured perspective, the rosary of ages, apartment beneath apartment, the spiral star-clusters, the flying fire-balls, the dervish-dance of worlds, sun-dust, gold-smoke, sea and azure sky, the triumphs of mind over matter and space,—contrast this material of the poet with the pitiful barrel-organ tunes into which poetical usage compels him to grind it out! It is a dim consciousness of this incongruity that is at the bottom of much of the dissatisfaction of people of cultivated taste with the see-saw poetry of the minor poets. Let us to the truth at once, and confess that it is only the purest genius that can any longer reconcile us to successive or alternate rhymes in serious poetry. It is not this poet or that who has given see-saw poetry its quietus. It is the deeper vision of the age, it is the astonishing increase in the cultivation of music, of higher orchestral harmonies, and the consequent refining of the ear. These are the deeper causes at work. My soul has been attuned to the majestic rhythms of Shakspeare, or to the thunder-roll of Wagner's 'Götterdämmerung,' or the Gothic splendor of Turner;—and you ask me to listen with rapture to a hand-organ tune.

When I say that see-saw poetry has received its quietus, I do not mean to say that rhyme and measured verse are obsolete. On the contrary, they will last as long as language. They are essential elements of verbal melody. They are the soul of comic verse and of the

most pleasing lyric verse. But one may fearlessly assert that the lyric poetry that best pleases a cultivated ear is that in which rhyme and fixed metres are most varied, most skilfully intertwined and subtly concealed. Experience will convince any one who is not a tyro in poetry and a rustic in musical taste, that in every piece of poetry with consecutive or alternate rhymes it is either the rhyme of the thought, or the melodious rhythm, or the beauty of the diction, or the exquisiteness of the sentiment that reconciles to our ear the monotonous drone of the verse. It is only because the attention is withdrawn from the rhymes and the metres that the verbal vehicle becomes tolerable. The very moment the interest flags, that moment the sing-song becomes odious. To prove this, contrast the sublimated lines of Emerson, or the best early lyrics of Tennyson, with verses of their own, or of others, which have no special beauty or intensity of diction or thought to recommend them. And note another thing (by the way), that rhymed lines please best when the thought and the line end together. This law is not absolutely universal, but is true of all impassioned lyrics. The infallible sign of hopeless incompetence in versification is the hacking up of long sentences into rhymed fragments. This is the carpentry and upholstery of poetry.

Moreover, the pleasure one derives from the greater part of even the best rhymed lyrics grows perceptibly feebler as one matures in mind. The pleasure we take in 'Excelsior' and the 'Psalm of Life' is chiefly that of memory and association. After middle life is reached, men turn more frequently to the blank verse of Homer, Shakspeare, or Milton, or to the finest poetical prose, than to the favorite ballads and songs of their boyhood. Schopenhauer hints at the cause. In a chapter on the æsthetics of poetry he says that 'rhythm is intuitive, has its origin in the depths of the soul, in pure sensibility; while rhyme is a mere matter of sensation in the organ of hearing, and belongs only to empirical sensibility.' The mature mind, then, craves the nobler harmonies of the soul. Even melodious Tennyson has written vastly more blank verse than rhymed verse. But there is such a fatal facility in the rhymester's art that the perfect lyrics of Tennyson's youth have filled the world with sorry echoes. As he has said: 'Awlfred Tennyson taught this generation how to sing, and now the air is full of mocking-birds.'

The corollary of all this is that rhymes and fixed metres have become extremely difficult to handle successfully, and only great melodists should dare to touch them. Or at least no others should do so except in very rare moments of inspiration, and after elaborate study of the laws of verbal harmony in the creations of Tennyson and Swinburne and other masters of the shell.

'But this means cutting off the heads of a thousand and one poets.' Precisely; nothing could be more desirable. If they will not toil why should they reap? When Wagner abandoned the barrel-organ cadences of the Italian opera, and asked his interpreters to follow him in his sustained Geryon-flights of harmony, in which no pause (or descent) was permitted to interrupt the majesty of the movement, they complained loudly of fatigue. And when a certain American poet burst away in strong loathing from the fetters and nets and toys of the rhymesters, and soared clean beyond their range, they also complained of the fatigue he caused them. But then everybody is not obliged to study difficult music, or a poetical technique beyond his comprehension. And much less is he under the necessity of attempting imitation of these. And so with rhymed

lyrics; you are not obliged to attempt them. Is there not good prose to be written? How cheering it would be if we could feel that the several millions of American poetasters were firmly possessed of the idea that the fairy tales of science have made see-saw sentiment obsolete. And how cheering it would be if we could feel assured (which we cannot) that each individual of these millions of versifiers did not cherish the conviction that he or she alone of them all is the true bard, and the rest mere mechanics of verse. Early in this century there was an old schoolmaster in Portland, Me., who used to pray with his eyes open and his ruler in his hand, and who had, moreover, the habit of calling the red-heads among his pupils Rufus, and the black-heads William. Now there were a good many red-heads in the school, and whenever in his wrath the master shouted 'Come here, Rufus!' all the red-heads, feeling more or less guilty, would start to their feet together. But there are no Rufuses among our poetasters!

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

Julio Arboleda.

THE richness of the poetic literature of South America is almost bewildering. The number of poets whose writings are loved and admired by their own countrymen is so large that their published works fill many volumes, and yet even the names of these inspired authors are but little known outside of their own country. A very few translations have been made into French of some dramatic poems, and here and there one finds an English version of some dainty bit of verse, which although less musical than in the original Spanish, reveals so much beauty of thought as to awaken the desire for further acquaintance with authors of whom we know so little.

Castelar says of this literature: 'These poets of Spanish America possess qualities directly opposed to the poets of Spain. They are generally wanting in purity of classic form, and sometimes careless in their language; but they manifest a fervor of inspiration, a grandeur of ideas, the true spirit of liberty, and sublime aspirations for the future of their country, which prove that they possess a natural love of freedom, and passionate desires for liberal advancement. They are true sons of the XIXth Century, and their utterances come across the water to the old world, thrilling with the electricity of the American tempest, and overflowing with the exuberance of new life.'

Spanish-American authors are, with few exceptions, still remote from the realm of philosophic thought. The atmosphere of almost constant revolution in which they have been born and reared has robbed them of the tranquility necessary for the development of pure and contemplative philosophy. They are poets of impulse, and under the influences in which they live, they could not be otherwise. But in no other modern literature can be found more exquisite love poems, truer descriptions of nature, or more glowing patriotism. The history and legends of South America offer immense riches of material to the poet and dramatist. Julio Arboleda in his dramatic poem, 'Gonzalo de Dyon,' gives a strong and striking picture of the early struggles of Peru; Salvador Sanfuentes, of Chile, has made good use of the Indian legends of his country in narrative poems, which, apart from their poetic beauty, are valuable as faithful pictures of national customs; Echeverria, of the Argentine Republic, has also drawn from the legendary resources of his country, and in his poem,

'La Cautiva,' gives a magnificent description of the Pampas, and their reckless, daring inhabitants; and Ricardo Palma, of Peru, Juan Mere, of Ecuador, and many other poets, have preserved numberless beautiful Indian legends in songs and ballads.

The writers of these Southern countries are without exception men of action. They take an active part in political affairs, and consequently are often involved in revolutionary movements. The life of Julio Arboleda, one of the most honored poets and statesmen of the United States of Colombia, is a fair sample of the vicissitudes which befall these patriot poets. Arboleda was born in the province of Barbarcoas, now the State of Cauca, on the Pacific coast of Colombia, on the 9th of June, 1817. The families of both his father and his mother were celebrated for the position they occupied under General Bolivar during the struggle which ended in the overthrow of Spanish authority on South American soil, and the young Arboleda, born in an atmosphere of patriotism and liberty, carried through life the principles so early impressed upon his mind. When still a mere boy, he was placed at school in England, and so rapid was his intellectual development that at the age of fourteen he wrote a series of articles which were thought worthy of publication in one of the London magazines of that time. After passing six or seven years in London and Paris, he was called home by the sudden death of his father, who lost his life in the service of General Bolivar; and in 1839 he assumed the editorship of a newspaper devoted to the interests of the independent party. A revolution was threatening, and Arboleda threw his whole soul into the contest for liberty and justice. He published articles which aroused the wildest enthusiasm; and, not content with wielding the pen, he at length marched to the field, where, until the end of the contest in 1842, he was one of the most able and efficient officers. After the victory of the liberal party, Arboleda was elected to Congress, where his eloquence and power in debate soon placed him in a distinguished position. His domestic life at this time was placid and happy. He was married to an accomplished lady, who under all circumstances showed herself worthy of being the wife of a statesman and patriot.

Apart from his public duties, he found leisure for much literary work. He was engaged on his great drama of 'Gonzalo de Dyon,' and some of the sweetest of his short poems date from this period. Children were growing up in his household, and to attend to their education was his greatest pleasure. The broad estates which he had inherited from his father yielded him a handsome income from the immense quantities of quince which were gathered annually from the forests, and fortune seemed to shower her richest favors upon him.

But his political enemies were secretly at work, and an accusation was made against him for certain opinions which he openly cherished, that resulted in a summons before the municipality of Popoyan, where he resided. It is very characteristic of those countries that the eloquent verse in which Arboleda addressed his accusers turned popular enthusiasm again in his favor. His poetical address was immediately printed and spread through the country like fire, calling forth the most passionate expressions of praise and admiration.

The whole country, however, was fast becoming demoralized. Democratic clubs, so called, which were little better than communistic societies, were forming in all the towns, and the storm of revolution was again ready to burst forth. Communism prevailed, and

Arboleda was seized and thrown into a prison with common criminals. His address to Congress from the jail of Popoyan is one of the most eloquent pieces of patriotic verse ever written.

Fearing that he would be assassinated, the friends of the poet contrived his escape from confinement, and, in the disguise of a peasant, he succeeded in reaching the friendly soil of Ecuador, where he was received with enthusiasm. But there was no rest for him away from his suffering country, and shortly he returned at the head of a small army. A year of bitter struggle followed, and at length Arboleda, his property confiscated and many of his precious manuscripts lost, as he feared forever, was driven to make his escape to Panama from whence, in 1852, he came to New York with his family. After a year's residence in this country, a change of government in Colombia again allowed him to return to new congressional honors, new revolutions, and new efforts to establish liberty and order in his beloved country. His latter years were peaceful and devoted to literary pursuits. He died about ten years ago leaving behind him many valuable works in poetry and prose.

HELEN S. CONANT.

Literature

"The English and Scottish Popular Ballads."*

THIS is a book of popular ballads, but it is compiled by a scholar and by scholars will be most relished. Professor Child has been getting together his material for the last ten years, by correspondence and otherwise, and the number of variants to each ballad which he has secured testifies to the enthusiasm which he has brought to bear on the task. 'The Elfin Knight' has eight pages of condensed preface, in which variants in other tongues are noted briefly. The variants in English are numbered from A to L, and include one from Hadley, Mass. 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight' is discussed in thirty-two pages and the variants arranged from A to F, with a large number of alternative readings in an appendix. There are eight different renderings of 'Gil Brenton,' and of 'The Twa Sisters' twenty-one. Of 'Lord Randall,' which must have been widely sung in the nurseries of the last generation on this side of the Atlantic, there are fifteen different versions. The greatest care has been taken to verify the origin of these variants so far as it is now possible. Prof. Child is as cautious not to pass the literal facts as Bishops Percy and Ritson were bold in re arranging and filling out the materials they collected. The Marquis of Villemarqué has been bitterly attacked for similar liberties taken with the curious survivals of folk-ballads among the Bretons. This is as it should be, and yet one cannot always refrain from a sigh that materials so remarkable and suggestive should not bring out from the editor wider and more interesting generalizations. It may be too much to ask at once that an editor should collect, sift and handsomely publish a great series of national ballads, like that to which this volume is the opening number, and add thereto extraneous matter dealing with other peoples and tongues. We ought to feel thankful that the work is done so thoroughly. Perhaps the attempt to widen and deepen the work would have resulted in superficiality. It must be the task of some other specialist besides the Harvard Professor to seek out the links between these old English and Scottish ballads and the tales recited among the various divided members of the Celtic race, among the Lapps and

* The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited by Francis James Child. Part 1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Finns, among the Hindoos and Persians. As one reads, glimpses of similar plots, romances, tragedies in the Shah Nameh and the Mahabharata, in the Kalevala and the heroic lays of Ireland flash across the memory, and one wishes for the kind of mind that can grasp and co-ordinate materials that have a common aspect and may possibly have a common origin.

The externals of this work must not pass unnoticed. Probably the Riverside Press has never turned out a volume handsomer and in better taste. The pages are in double columns of type, without bounding lines, and the type is clear and handsome. There will be eight parts containing about 250 pages, and a general introduction will be prefixed. The edition is limited to 1000 copies, each of which will be numbered and the name of the buyer recorded. The work has been rendered possible so far as its accuracy is concerned by the publication of the original Percy Folio. It is the first attempt to bring together all the known ballads in English which are held to be genuine. The series will form a magnificent body of ancient English poetry, beautifully published, and edited in a most scholarly fashion.

"An American Four-in-Hand in Britain."*

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has performed successfully a very difficult task. He drove with a party of friends in a four-in-hand coach from Brighton to Inverness; he jotted down all he saw upon the road; and he has produced a book of travel as fresh as though he had been exploring Thibet or navigating the River of Golden Sand. Of most coaching books we know, alas, the style. Their author is generally Captain Tandem, of the Life Guards, or the Hon. Mr. Winkerstrap, Lord Bearingrein's son, and their talk is all of leaders and wheelers, of the 'cattle' in harness and the 'muslin' on the box. Mr. Carnegie makes no claim to eminence in the ranks of amateur Jehus. He is more concerned with his companions than with his horses, with the myriad objects of interest which they pass than with the cumbrous mechanism of the coach. He is also excellently fitted for his task, his observation being keen, his sympathies warm, his mind well stored with literature, and his style as clear and sunny as a mountain stream.

The names of the fifteen charioteers, who on that bright June morning mounted to their places on the coach at Brighton, are masked by merry sobriquets. Some were English or Scotch, the majority American. There were the Prima Donna and the Stewardess, the Paisley Troubadours, the General Manager, the Queen Dowager, and so on down to the Scribe. Then there was Perry, the coachman, and Joe, the footman, whose cries of 'Skid, Joe,' and 'Right, Perry,' were to be the watchwords of the party for the next seven weeks. The roads were perfect, 'a theme of continual wonder to those who had not before seen England; the weather was so fine that it came to be called 'Carnegie Weather;' and the horses, with one exception, took the party through from Brighton to Inverness. Mr. Black, whose 'Adventures of a Phaeton' inspired the journey, came to witness its start, and arrived, after the wont of the literary class, a few minutes too late. So off they went for Guildford, 'the roses just in season,' skirting the woods of Sussex, 'with their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind.'

We could follow with delight this fascinating book, but that is a pleasure which we must leave for its readers. At Windsor, in St. George's Chapel, the char-

* An American Four-in-Hand in Britain. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Scribner.

ioteers saw Mr. Gladstone, 'that sadly noble lion-face,' as the author calls him. Beside the tombs of poets and the homes of kings; past abbeys and castles, colleges and cathedrals; peeping into the little school-room where George Eliot learnt her first lessons; surveying famous battle-grounds; passing the border with a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, they made their way into Bonnie Scotland. 'My eyes watered now and then,' writes Mr. Carnegie. 'This was my land: England only a far-off connection, not one of the family.' Well may the travellers have been sad to leave the coach at Inverness. 'Andrew,' said one of them, 'I've just been in a dream of happiness all the time.' But it was over. The magic note of 'Skid, Joe,' and 'Right, Perry,' was to be heard no more. By small detachments the party disbanded and, arriving in New York, the author was left alone to write this memorial of a memorable journey.

Minor Notices.

IT WAS to be expected that some woman would reply to Dr. Dix; but it was hardly to be supposed that any woman, writing on the spur of the moment in instant and indignant protest, could present a reply at once so reasonable, so ready with statistics supported by the highest authorities, and at the same time so entertaining, as that which has been written by Mrs. Blake. ('Woman's Place To-Day,' Lovell's Library.) Aside from any interest in the controversy, the reader will find Mrs. Blake's little pamphlet most amusing reading; but though its humor is good enough to remind one of Gail Hamilton's spirited reply some years ago to a reverend gentleman of Boston, when he urged against woman suffrage that women had never been inventors, Mrs. Blake's argument depends upon much weightier support than humor. She has great respect for the attainments and position of the Rev. Dr. Dix, though she cannot help—as indeed who can?—being infinitely amused at the effort of this 'clerical Mrs. Partington' to reconcile an Early English attitude with the effort to mop back with his own private little broom the on-sweeping ocean of progress. Mrs. Blake's interpretations of Scripture are undeniably just as well as ingenious and amusing, and her work as a whole is as instructive as it is entertaining, which is saying a great deal. In the mere matter of the question at issue, while we are far from ranging ourselves with Dr. Dix, we are not disposed to go as far as Mrs. Blake. That is, believing fully in the very highest education for women, we do not demand co-education. It is of course absurd for Dr. Dix to expect that young wives may be preserved from the frivolity he deplors by shutting them up in a sort of monogamous harem, but if not as absurd, it seems to us almost as unwise, to exclude a girl from the world the flesh and the devil, with a few young men, as without them. Let us not shut up our young girls at all. Let us not say that they shall never see a young man; but, on the other hand, let us not say either that they must and shall see young men. Let them study Greek, and dance the German, and play tennis; listen reverently to Dr. Dix and delightedly to Mrs. Blake; eat, drink, and be merry; study medicine if they will, and simply be lovely if they won't; but preserve them alike from frivolity that dishonors and from publicity that hardens.

MR. LATHROP is at his best in 'Spanish Vistas' (Harper). The descriptive element in his novels has been so good that we are not surprised to find him excelling in pure description. His book is not the conventional 'what to see and how to see it,' which makes many books of travel hardly better than a guide-book; it is rather 'what we saw that perhaps you would not see,' giving those personal experiences and anecdotes and interpretations which are capable of enriching the most hackneyed subject. Mr. Lathrop in his preface gracefully acknowledges his debt to the artist, Mr. Reinhardt; but, like the Spanish woman who tried to console Mr. Lathrop for not being able to draw by suggesting that 'perhaps he could read,' we assure the author that if he cannot paint, he can certainly write. It is true that the illustrations are of superior beauty; and that a book so sumptuous, with its splendid cover, its superb pictures, and its fine literary quality, is to be bought for three dollars, seems hardly possible.

THE latest issues in the Riverside Hawthorne are the American and the French and Italian Note-Books, 'Our Old Home' and the English Note-Books having been already published. Mr. Lathrop's Introductory Note to the first of the two volumes is devoted to an explanation of Hawthorne's method of keeping a diary. 'The habit of keeping a journal as an exercise, and of describing ordinary occurrences day by day, with the impression made upon him by them, was formed very early in life, and partly accounts for the ease and precision of his language in the Note-Books now included among his published works. . . . In the first half of this century, the custom of keeping regular diaries and voluminous journals was much more general than at the present day, owing to the greater leisureliness of life at that time. People recorded in them, as those do who still maintain the custom, the smallest transactions of each twenty-four hours; and Hawthorne himself, during some years, wrote similar memoranda in pocket-books which allowed only a brief space for each day. The manuscript books from which the published passages have been taken were not of that sort, but were evidently used as media for the preservation of passing impressions, which might or might not prove subsequently valuable for reference, in composition.' The French and Italian Note-Books were transcribed for publication by Mrs. Hawthorne, at London, in the winter of 1870-1, and appeared in the following autumn, after her death. They end the series of Hawthorne's Journals. The American Note-Books in this edition are appropriately prefaced by an etching, by R. S. Gifford, of the seacoast—'Along the Shore'—where Hawthorne loved to stroll. A slight etching, labelled 'Roma,' by Ross Turner, showing what would seem to be Hilda's Tower, stands at the front of the French and Italian Note-Books. Two more volumes—Nos. XI. and XII.—will complete the series.

MR. HENRY C. LEA'S 'Studies in Church History' (Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Son & Co.), which now appears in a new and enlarged edition, has been some thirteen or more years before the public, and will doubtless maintain itself for a long time in the interest of those who care to watch the progress of events as they bear on Ecclesiastical and religious affairs. The closing chapter—which is new—on 'The Church and Slavery,' is learned, moderate and just, and will find a more general and unqualified response than it might have done even so short a time ago as the year when the first edition appeared. Careful research, and candid, temperate judgment mark the book throughout.

Fiction in the June Magazines.

THE close of 'At Teague Poteet's,' in *The Century*, is so good, so vivid and dramatic, that it certainly did not need the support of its little love story, and indeed might have been better without it. The device of the Moonshiners, to send a 'very ignorant' peddler to meet their pursuers was a capital climax, without any wedding. We are not told a great deal about young Woodward, but it is evident that he was superior to 'Sis,' and although *mésalliances* are popular in fiction, we are of the opinion of Bret Harte, that when the Judge does marry Maud Müller, the saddest words that could be are: 'It is, but it hadn't ought to be.'—Mr. Howells, in his 'Woman's Reason,' tries his hand at a shipwreck. It is a very good shipwreck, as shipwrecks go, but we do not see that it is better than other people's shipwrecks, except that there are a few more sharks in it; and Mr. Howells's readers will continue to find their pleasure in his minute touches, as in the hero's sudden reference to the 'Marriages' in the Boston *Advertiser* and in Helen's assertion, 'I must be here, and I must be wretched,' in order to be perfectly true to her lover.—If we praise the 'Split Zephyr' of Mr. Beers—a clever and interesting comparison of the ideals of half-a-dozen young men on leaving college with their actual course in life—we wonder if he will still believe that 'it's a great fraud,—this business of reviewing?'

In *Harper's*, the 'Castle in Spain' does not improve. It only professes to be funny, but it is not as yet very

funny, and a certain coarseness of style—as difficult to point out exactly as Thomas Hardy's coarseness—is not atoned for as Hardy atones for his. Neither do we find 'Rus' especially humorous, though it is Charles Reade's study of a real character in rural life.—The best fiction of the number is Harriet Prescott Spofford's story, 'The Mount of Sorrow,'—weird, improbable, almost uncanny, but original and powerful,—and the 'Æsthetic Idea' of 'A Working Girl,' who, by the way, is exhibiting not only rare talent in story-telling, but a noticeable literary style. The 'Idea' is that of æsthetic kitchens; not the æsthetic kitchens of Mrs. Dewing, with stained glass in the doors, and pots and pans on a red shelf, or something of that nature, but kitchens inhabited by cooks inwardly æsthetic; that is, by cooks trained—when they were little maidens and in an establishment devoted solely to that purpose—to intelligent and cheerful service for intelligent and wise employers.

In *The Atlantic*, the conclusion of 'Daisy Miller' strengthens our original opinion that Mr. James never intended Daisy to illustrate the undesirable manners of all American girls, but to show how much of good there often is, underneath the objectionable manners of some American girls. Mr. James does not like Daisy Miller, of course, but he understands her, and is capable of delicately appreciating that a young girl willing to see the Colosseum by moonlight with a young man who is possibly not even a gentleman may have points in her favor when compared with a well-bred damsel angling with *finesse* to become a countess.—Miss Jewett finishes her 'Landless Farmer,' and if we allude to it briefly, it is because in face of the general commendation of Miss Jewett's style, we distrust our own inability to feel any interest in her stories.—'Bridget's Story,' by L. C. Wyman, is the account of two people in humble life who decided to try separation before seeking divorce, and finding that it was harder to live apart than together, joined forces again and lived happily ever after. It is not wildly entertaining, but the moral is good.

In *Lippincott's*, Miss Tincker's 'Jewel in the Lotos' is easily the pièce-de-résistance. 'Leander' is a ranch story, very humorous in its interpretation of the 'Leander and Hero' who lived on the borders of 'Hell's Pond,' and very pathetic in its practical illustration of the classic tale. We hope Miss Kate Hillard's 'Roman Pension' may also be included in the fiction, as the good taste of the character delineation would be questionable if this is the actual 'pension' where the author is living. 'Elon Slocum's Miracle' is injured by unnecessary length, but the idea is amusing. Elon's faith having been undermined by modern preaching, he prays for a miracle, and is re-converted by suddenly finding a hundred dollars in his pocket one morning, where there had been nothing the day before. How the money happened to be there is the point of the story.

Hawthorne and The Wayside.

HAWTHORNE'S old home, The Wayside, which has been sold by the romancer's son-in-law, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, to Mr. D. Lothrop, the Boston publisher, stands on the Lexington road about a mile east from the centre of Concord village, close to the highway and between it and a low line of hill. It was a farm-house, built some time before the Revolution, and was owned in 1852 by Mrs. Bronson Alcott, from whom Hawthorne purchased it. Mr. Alcott had called it Hillside, but Hawthorne rechristened the place. The new owner wrote there, in 1852, his 'Tanglewood Tales' and Life

of Franklin Pierce. His study then was the corner front room at the eastern end, on the ground floor. In the summer of 1853 he left The Wayside and went to Liverpool as Consul. On his return in June, 1860, he made considerable additions to the house, building a wing at the back, toward the hill, and carrying it up above the various roofs of the rest of the edifice, so as to produce somewhat the effect of a tower. In this tower he made his new study, and wrote there 'Our Old Home,' the *Atlantic* paper entitled 'Chiefly About War Matters,' 'Septimius Felton,' possibly some part of 'Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,' and the fragmentary chapters of his unfinished 'Dolliver Romance.' He was buried from the house in May, 1864. In 1867 Mrs. Hawthorne went with her family to Europe, and the place was sold to a farmer in 1868 or 1869. Eight acres of land belonging to it, but lying across this road, were retained by this purchaser, who sold the house, with twelve acres of woodland, to a lady who used the establishment as a girls' boarding-school. In March, 1879, Mr. G. P. Lathrop purchased the house and woodland, which retained the name of The Wayside.

Literature for the Young.

Two or three pages of *The Christian Union* of May 10 are acceptably filled by an article on 'Literature for Children,' by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, with the comments thereon of a number of the best-known producers of such literature—Horatio Alger, Jr., J. T. Trowbridge, Charles Barnard, Frank H. Converse, and Eliot McCormick. Mr. Mabie's article is in general terms, though it includes a recommendation for children's reading of such masterpieces in their kind as Byrant's 'Odyssey,' Shakspeare's 'Henry V.,' the Roger de Coverley essays of *The Spectator*, 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Tale of Two Cities,' Hawthorne's 'Tanglewood Tales' and 'Wonder-Book,' Kingsley's 'Heroes,' Baldwin's 'Story of Siegfried,' Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspeare,' De Foe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' De La Motte Fouqué's 'Undine' and 'Sintram,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' and the writings of Pope and Steele, Andersen and Asbjornson, and the brothers Grimm. Mr. Alger's best advice is, that children should not be confined a moment longer than is necessary to books prepared for children. 'The great works which are our most precious legacy from the past should not be abridged or simplified to bring them down to the comprehension of childhood. It is better for the young to wait till their minds are mature enough to enjoy them in their original form.' Mr. Barnard writes to the point. His conviction is, that 'every story should have an aim or lesson,' the truth of which must be enforced, not by the moral observations of the writer, but by the action and events of the narrative. Mr. Converse affirms that 'we must take the young—like men and things—as we find them.' If the average child will not read 'history, science, the classics, or biography,' you should select for him 'the least objectionable, in your own judgment,' from that toward which he naturally inclines. Mr. Trowbridge esteems, as of pre-eminent importance to the young, 'a literature which gives faithful representations of life, nourishes the moral fibre without sentimentality or cant, fosters a love of nature, and cultivates by example clearness and beauty of expression,'—a literature which he is undoubtedly right in thinking 'can be produced only by writers of character and ability.' Mr. McCormick has been at pains to canvass one of the oldest and best of the public schools of New York and the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He finds that a lower class of liter-

ature is read by the pupils of the public school than by those of the Institute, and he attributes this to the fact that the Brooklyn boys live in homes where the standard authors and the standard magazines are read by the older members of the family, and where, consequently, there is no occasion for the children to supply their own needs in the matter of fictitious literature. The boys of New York—those at least with whom he is concerned—would seem to be less fortunate in this respect. Writers for the young, Mr. McCormick justly observes, should make their stories not only 'bright and fresh' but 'wholesome and improving' as well.

Mr. Alger, Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Barnard are emphatically of the opinion that writers of books for the young should never 'write down' to the intelligence of their audience.

"Bright Eyes" and *Wide-Awake*.

'OMAHA LEGENDS AND TENT STORIES' is the taking title of an article in the June *Wide-Awake*. The writer's name is given as 'Mrs. Susette Tibbles (Bright Eyes),' and an italicized line calls attention to the fact that the paper is furnished with notes by 'T. H. Tibbles.' To the English or Australian, if not to the New York reader of this popular magazine, these titles and explanations may be somewhat misty, but to the Bostonian they mean simply that the legends are written by Mrs. T. H. Tibbles, who before she assumed her present name was known to her personal friends in the East as Susette La Flèche, to readers of the newspapers as Bright Eyes, and to the Indians among whom her earliest years were passed as Inshta Theamba, of which her newspaper name is a translation. Three-quarters of the blood that flows in this young woman's veins is Indian, the other French, or Franco-American. In other words, her paternal grandfather was a French trapper who married a Ponca squaw, and whose son married an Omaha woman. It was this son, Joseph La Flèche, who became the head-chief of the Omahas, when the leadership of that once-powerful tribe passed away from the descendants of the Blackbird, whom Irving celebrates in 'Astoria,' and it was he who, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, sold to the United States Government the site of the present city of Omaha. When the Omahas gave up their tribal organization, and were assigned to the reservation where they still live, Joseph La Flèche retained his influence though not his rank. He was a hard fighter, and had won from his enemies the title of Inshta Muzze (Iron Eye). But in the piping times of peace he became a farmer, and attended to the rearing of his children. These are numerous. In *St. Nicholas* for September, 1880, were published four letters over the names of Susette, Marguerite, Rosalie, and Susanne La Flèche. In one of these allusion was made to a brother, Frank, who has since been appointed to a clerkship in the Indian Bureau at Washington. The father speaks French but not English, and is versed in half-a-dozen Indian tongues. The children have had greater advantages of education, and have made good use of them. Susette, the eldest, was taught the letters of the alphabet—the English alphabet—at a mission school. Somewhat later she passed a few years at a girls' boarding-school in Elizabeth, N. J., whither her sisters Marguerite and Susette were afterward sent; and she completed her studies at Wellesley College, Mass. Some years ago she wrote a preface to a pamphlet in which the persecution of the Poncas was rehearsed, and to Judge Harsha's Indian romance, 'Ploughed Under.' Her name was signed to 'Nedawi':

An Indian Story of Real Life,' printed in *St. Nicholas* for January, 1881. When the Ponca troubles began to attract attention, she visited the East in their behalf, in company with Mr. Tibbles, whom she married a couple of years ago, and with whom she is now living on the Omaha Reserve. From an introductory note to the Indian story of 'The Babes in the Woods,' in this month's *Wide-Awake*, it appears that only one of these legends—which have been taken down from the lips of the father and grandmother of the writer—has been printed. It appeared in *THE CRITIC* of August 12, 1882.

"Dr. Grimshawe's Secret."

[The following letter was published in the *Tribune*, a few days since.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

SIR: Having lent my copy of 'Dr. Grimshawe's Secret' to a friend, he called my attention to some lines in an old volume of poems in his possession, issued in 1849, by Robert Carter & Brothers, under the title of 'Caprices,' no author's name being given. The lines, in part, are as follows:

'Mould upon the ceiling,	'Hist! The spectres gather,
Mould upon the floor,	Break, and group again,
Windows barred and double	Wreathing, writhing, gibber-
barred,	ing
Opening never more.	Round that fearful stain;
'Spiders in the corners,	'Blood upon the panels,
Spiders on the shelves,	Blood upon the floor,
Weaving frail and endless	Blood, that baffles wear and
webs	washing,
Back upon themselves.	Red forevermore.
'Weaving, ever weaving,	'See, they pause and listen,
Weaving in the gloom,	When the bat that clings,
Till the drooping drapery	Stirs within the crevices
Trails about the room	Of the panelings.
* * * *	'See, they pause and listen,
'Hist! the spectres gather,	Listen through the air;
Gather in the dark,	How the eager life has strug-
Where a breath has brushed	gled
away	That was taken there.
Dust from off a mark.	'See, they pause and listen,
'Dust of weary winters,	Listen in the gloom;
Dust of solemn years,	For a startled breath is sigh-
Dust that deepens in the si-	ing,
lence,	Sighing through the room.
As the minute wears.	'Sighing in the corners,
'On the shelf and wainscot,	Sighing on the floor,
Window bars and wall,	Sighing through the window-
Covering infinite devices	bars
With its stealthy fall.	That open nevermore.'
	* * * *

I have omitted six verses, but in those given we have the outlines of the weird scenes in 'Dr. Grimshawe,' grouping in one picture the dark, dusty old study with its spiders and cobwebs, the bloody footsteps, and the secret chamber with its mysterious story. Whether Hawthorne ever saw this poem I do not know, but the coincidence is striking. Can you tell me anything about the authorship of 'Caprices?' Other of the poems are quite as peculiar in subject and treatment. On the margin of this poem some one has pencilled a verse from Thomas Hood:

'The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.'

Yours truly,

WILLIAM H. COLEMAN.

GENEVA, N. Y., May 5, 1883.

In May.

FROM Eastern summits, pine-possessed,
The slow sun climbs the reddening skies,
A shaft of color strikes the West,
The phoebe shakes her wings, and flies;
A muffled murmuring in the hive
Grows thicker with the crescent day;
All mummied creatures stir, alive,
And bask beneath the warmth of May.

From brink to base, the hills descend
All steeped in dark and drenched in dew;
The orchards flush from end to end,
The pink azalea flowers anew.
Ere yet those amber cells are sealed
Another moon shall lapse away,
Yet mine the pledge of wood and field—
The empty honey-comb of May.

DORA READ GOODALE.

The Lounger

THE LOUNGER through the pleasant paths of literature finds himself this week in the midst of the June magazines. Why the June magazines should appear in May is one of those things the Lounger has never been able to find out. There is probably a good and sufficient reason for it, and he does not propose to quarrel with an arrangement that spreads a good feast before him at any time.

Lolling back in my ample Quaker rocking chair, I take up first the venerable *North American Review*, made young again by the new blood Mr. Rice has injected into its ancient veins. I leisurely cut its edges—for your true Lounger scorns a machine-trimmed edge—and run my eye down its broad columns. It is a good number—one of more than average excellence—and it comes nearer to the field of journalism than any other of the monthlies. Sandwiched between an attempt to overthrow the facts and inferences of Herbert Spencer, and a paper on 'Incidental Taxation,' are 'A Few Words About Public Singing,' by Mme. Christine Nilsson. Mme. Nilsson might have said more—she could hardly have said less—on the subject. How these sweet singers compliment us, when they speak in public! We have improved greatly in musical culture since Mme. Nilsson last visited our shores. We 'no longer accept a foreign artist, without question, solely on the strength of an European reputation.' The Eastern and Middle State audiences have 'a more deliberate judgment, a disposition to consider and compare, before committing themselves to full approval.' This is Yankee caution and Dutch phlegm, Mme. Nilsson. The wild West and the fiery South are quicker to feel and to express their feelings, as well in music as in weightier affairs.

Mr. Richard Grant White is certainly an entertaining writer. He can make more out of nothing than any other American man of letters. In the current *Atlantic* I have followed him through sixteen pages, all written to show how he and a friend travelling in England were mistaken for Englishmen, how astonished the man was to whom they confessed the humiliating fact that they were born on this side of the Atlantic, and how they tried to convince him that the better class of Americans were quite as civilized as the average Englishman. The Britisher was still sceptical when they left him, but he gave them his card, that the argument might be resumed, and from this card it was learned that the sceptic was an earl. Mr. White knows an earl by instinct, and wastes little time on Englishmen of inferior rank.

That genial humorist, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, has charge of The Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* now, but I do not find it redolent of his pleasant personality as yet. It is more like The Drawer of old times, when the late William A. Seaver filled it with his anecdotes of 'our four-years-old,' and his after-dinner stories. Mr. Seaver was a great diner-out and dinner-tables are famous for stories,—but they can not all be repeated in a family magazine. Before Mr. Seaver's lamented death, Mr. W.

L. Alden, the 'funny man' of the *Times*, began editing The Drawer, but even with outside aid he found it harder than writing humorous editorials by the column, so Mr. Warner was invited to take the editorship. If Mr. Warner would write, as well as edit, we would be very grateful to the Messrs. Harper; but there has been no evidence thus far of anything beyond a judicious use of the paste-pot and shears and the editorial blue pencil.

Mr. Curtis's department, The Easy Chair, is wholly his. He fills it completely. There is no such department as this in any of the other magazines, because there is no such editor as Mr. Curtis. The Howadji is full to his finger-tips of reminiscences. He can write as freshly of Jenny Lind as of Adelina Patti, and he gets as much poetry out of Peter Cooper's life as out of the death of John Howard Payne. Alas, poor Payne! He never heard his song sung by Jenny Lind. She sang it here the year he died, and every one else heard it, including Mr. Curtis, who will never forget the 'ringing shower of limpid thrills' in 'The birds singing gayly that came at my call.'

'It was as if all the birds of Spring warbled together, or a choir of larks sang at heaven's gate.'

The department of Open Letters which *The Century* has recently added to its pages gives it the great advantage of being timely in its discussions and criticisms. I find almost as much to read here this month as in the body of the magazine, though in the latter part are to be found some of the most popular names in American letters—Joel Chandler Harris, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Cable, Mr. Howells, Mr. James. Mrs. Burnett appears as a poet, with two verses on 'Yesterday and To-Day,' which go to prove the fickleness of woman. Yesterday the wide world was not wide enough for her, it was not even wide enough to hold her love—

'There is not space in earth or heaven above,
There is not room for my great love and me.'

And only to day she says, 'It is too wide—it is too wide for me!' and wants it narrowed to a grave where she may sleep quietly with her love. I confess that I do not like this morbid verse. It may do very well for a man like Poe, who had more of the bitter than the sweet in his life; but it seems a mockery on the part of Mrs. Burnett, whose world is so wide and so pleasant.

That ardent and honest politician and pear-culturist, Mr. P. T. Quinn, of Newark, is out with a new edition of his 'Pear Culture for Profit.' Mr. Quinn has made a comfortable living out of the pear, and has bettered it by telling how he did it. His, by the way, is not an uninteresting history. The son of Irish-American parents, he was taken when a boy into the family of the late Prof. James J. Mapes, and brought up almost as a son. The learned Professor knew as much about men as about superphosphate (he knew enough about the latter to make a fortune out of it), and he was not wrong in his estimate of young Quinn, who has been uniformly successful for many years. At present he is the Secretary of the Newark Board of Trade, Comptroller of the finances of the city, and Secretary of the New Jersey State Agricultural Association. Mr. Quinn is never afraid to speak his mind, and in the Open Letters of this month's *Century* speaks it very plainly on the methods of those of his compatriots who see in dynamite the instrument of their deliverance from British rule.

Mr. Balch, who showed his energy and acumen as a reporter by capturing the murderer Chastine Cox, in Boston, is determined to live down the fame gained by that exploit by becoming a successful editor. He established *The American* in Philadelphia, but found the field too narrow for him and left it. Now he has taken hold of *The International Review*, which he intends to make *The Nineteenth Century* of America. But the management of a review is not enough to engross his energies, and he has just made arrangements with the Pennsylvania Railroad to travel out west on one of their immigrant trains, disguised as a son of Erin or the 'Faderland,' and report on the grievances of genuine immigrants. Then, when he has done this, he proposes to lay underground telegraph wires along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, between New York and Philadelphia. Such a thing as a holiday seems to have no place whatever in Mr. Balch's plans.

The Critic

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1883.

SOME eight years ago an absurd little book called the Portuguese Grammar appeared, which afforded an almost inexhaustible theme for the 'funny men' of the press. An English house announced an edition of 'English as She is Spoke,' and Messrs. Putnam arranged with them to buy the plates, and announced their intention of publishing the book last March. Some time later they heard that James R. Osgood & Co. were preparing an edition with an introduction by Mark Twain. Soon after this another edition was announced by Messrs. Appleton. The Appleton and Putnam editions are published to-day, while the Osgood edition is still in the press. It is one of the curious coincidences of the publishing business that after eight years these publishers should have brought out, or announced, the same book at one and the same time.

Harper & Brothers will publish this week the 'Life of John A. Dix,' by his son, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. The other works which they will bring out this week are 'Nan,' a new story by Lucy C. Lillie; and Miss Woolson's 'For the Major,' which has been revised by the author since its completion in *Harper's Magazine* a few months ago.

The publishing house of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, London and Paris, has been reorganized into a limited joint-stock company under the general style of Cassell & Company, Limited. Among their recent announcements may be mentioned 'Modern Missions: Their Trials and Triumphs,' by Robert Young, with Introduction by the Rev. Dr. James H. Wilson, of Edinburgh, with map and illustrations, in one large volume. This first American edition is revised and enlarged, and information is brought down to date.

Mr. Adam Geibel, who several months ago set to music 'The Lost Ship,' one of the poems comprised in Mr. Will Carlton's 'Farm Ballads,' has published through Messrs. W. A. Pond & Co., in honor of Commemoration Day, another song from the same collection, called 'Our Army of the Dead.'

Two gorgeously-bound volumes of Mrs. Lamb's 'History of the City of New York,' were deposited last week in the cornerstone of the new building of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Macaulay's New Zealander, passing this way on his return from the ruins of London, will be able, with the aid of this precious deposit, to reconstruct in his imagination the quaint old town of Petrus Stuyvesant and William Tweed.

A curious article in the May *Antiquary* (Bouton) is that on 'Ancient Beds,' illustrated with two woodcuts taken from a manuscript of the XVth century in the collection of M. Barrois, of Paris—the romance of the Comte d'Artois.

Harper & Brothers have ready a new edition of the late Professor Orton's 'Comparative Zoology,' a book which has enjoyed an extraordinary popularity as a text-book. The work has been thoroughly revised and in part rewritten by Professor E. A. Birge, of the University of Wisconsin.

'Regarded as a piece of literary writing,' says Mr. Stoddard, speaking of Mrs. Burnett's 'Through One Administration,' it 'is better than anything [by the same author] that has preceded it; regarded as a piece of analytical writing, it is better, we think, than "A Modern Instance";' regarded as a novel, it will be read and forgotten.

Mr. Fitzgerald has added to the Humboldt Library 'The Dawn of History: An Introduction to Prehistoric Study,' by C. F. Keary, of the British Museum.

Henry Holt & Co. are publishing Theodore Winthrop's novels in their Leisure Moment Series. Cecil Dreeme and John Brent have already appeared.

Curzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant,' which has been out of print for ten or fifteen years, is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Navy Department has ordered copies of 'Lord Lawrence' and Scribner's Naval Campaign Series for the libraries of a number of men-of-war.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is writing a new series of his Uncle Remus stories, many of which will appear in *The Century* before they are issued in book form. Their title, in the magazine, at least, will be 'Nights with Uncle Remus.' Three of the second series of these stories were published in THE CRITIC, in 1881.

The little book on 'Publishers and Authors' published by Messrs. Putnam has been quite successful. The first edition has already been exhausted and a second one is on the press. This firm announces 'Meat and Wool,' a survey of the ranch industries and grazing regions of the United States, by Clarence Gordon, late an expert in the United States Census. This will form Volume III. in the Library of Political Information.

The current number of *Harper's Weekly* contains a supplement giving a double page engraving of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Among the poems to appear in the July *Harper's* will be one by Mrs. John Bigelow, called 'Thy Love,' and another on 'The Fee of Dioscuri,' by Francis D. Morice. An important paper in this number will be 'The Declaration of Independence in a New Light,' by Wm. L. Stone.

A bust of Coleridge is to be placed in Westminster Abbey. An American admirer bears the expense.

A correspondent of *The Athenaeum* quotes from a conversation in which Mr. G. H. Lewes told how George Eliot came to be a writer of fiction. He had long urged her to try her hand at a story, but she protested her inability. One day when he came home, she showed him the beginning of 'Amos Barton'—the tea-party. He told her he had always known she had humor, and advised her to attempt pathos as well. Again she pleaded incapacity. But not long afterward she read him the description of Milly's death, and he was delighted. 'You'll do now,' he exclaimed.

The semi-centennial of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was celebrated at Albany on Thursday and Friday of this week. Senator Hawley was the orator, Charles D. Warner the essayist, and Hjalmar H. Boyesen the poet, of the occasion. The poem dealt with the philosophy of evolution as applied to social and political life.

Mr. William Winter, writing of 'The Moral Influence of the Drama' in this month's *North American*, tried to speak of the well-known play, 'Time Works Wonders,' but an evil spirit got into his pen and made him write 'Wine Works Wonders'—which is very true.

Björnsterne Björnson's literary and political periodical, *Nyt Tidskrift* (*The New Monthly*), has during its brief existence reached a circulation of about 5000. Its programme is of course radical, aiming at reforms in literature, the church and the state. The editors are the well-known Professors Skavlan and Sars.

'X. Y. Z,' a novelette by Anna Katherine Green, author of 'The Leavenworth Case,' 'A Strange Disappearance,' and 'The Sword of Damocles,' is to be published immediately by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Miss Green has been at work for a year past on a novel called 'Hand and Ring,' the appearance of which in book-form has been postponed to the fall in order to permit her to take advantage of a liberal offer for its publication as a serial.

The No Name novel, 'A Daughter of the Philistines,' is said to be in its fifth thousand. By some reviewers the book is attributed to Robert Grant, by others to Prof. Boyesen, of Columbia, and one critic has been found who would suspect Henry James of having written it, if there were any reason for him to publish an anonymous novel. It has been argued that Prof. Boyesen, being a Norwegian, could not have written a book showing such a clear comprehension of the spirit of American life.

What constitutes an edition of a book is a question often asked by the uninitiated, many supposing the number to be always a thousand copies. As a matter of fact it varies from two quires to each signature (one hundred copies) to two hundred quires (ten thousand copies), and even to larger numbers, and publishers are quite willing that the editions which they advertise should be considered large. We recall a book which is supposed to have had very great popularity, having run through more than twenty editions, but as each edition numbered only two hundred and fifty copies, the aggregate was not an unusual quantity. When the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin' was announced, so great was the desire of the trade to secure supplies that nearly one hundred thousand copies were got ready before publication, and the popularity of 'Little Women' compelled the publishers to pile up nearly fifty thousand copies of 'Little Men' before publishing it.

Some one who has spent a night with Remenyi tells all about it in the pages of *Lippincott's*. It was not such a night as other people have spent with Remenyi among the Hungarian haunts of Avenue A. There was a supper and good cheer on this particular evening, but there was more of music and talking, and Remenyi made these people in the far west feel the musical enthusiasm that Hungarians can best impart.

The Philadelphia *Press*, one of the best papers published outside of this city, has made arrangements to have the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's sermons cabled across the Atlantic every Sunday night in time for Monday's paper. So the good Philadelphians will have Spurgeon served hot with their coffee and rolls. Now what will the *Herald* do? It only remains for that enterprising journal to reproduce, on the day after the Derby, instantaneous photographs of the winning horse on the home-stretch.

THE May *Bibliographer* (Bouton) is a specially interesting number, opening with a long article on *The London Gazette*, founded in 1665—the first daily paper published in England, and with the sole exception of the French *Gazette*, founded in 1631, the oldest daily in Europe. The writer sketches the growth of the newspaper, properly so called, out of the 'sheets of news' or 'news pamphlets,' printed in prose or rhyme as the case might be, which supplanted the older manuscript correspondence with which the nobility and landed gentry were wont to provide themselves when circumstances kept them out of town during the London season. He then quotes from the *Gazette* a lively though brief account of the great fire of 1666. *The London Gazette* was originally published on Mondays and Thursdays, and for twenty years a French edition of it was printed.

In a recent review of 'Authors and Publishers' in *The Evening Post*, it was stated that publishers' profits are five times those of authors. That is to say, 'where an author receives fifteen cents, a publisher receives seventy-five.' The writer claims to derive these figures from the book under review; but surely he must have misread his authority. Nothing could be more erroneous and misleading. The proportion that the author's royalty of ten percent bears to the publisher's profits, is a wholly variable factor. In some instances it is very much the larger share of the profits; in others it does not more than divide the profits; in a few cases, no doubt, it is less than half; but in no case could the figures the reviewer gives, or quotes, be even approximately correct. For in order for a publisher to receive seventy-five cents profit when the author gets only fifteen cents, it would be necessary to get the books manufactured for nothing. The answer to this review, by Mr. G. H. Putnam, shows the *Post* to have misstated the facts.

MESSRS. G. P. Putnam's Sons have sent us the sheets of Renan's 'My Childhood and Youth,' which was reviewed from the French in THE CRITIC of April 7, and which is going to make a deep impression on thinking people. 'The world is moving,' says M. Renan in his carefully written preface, 'in the direction of what I may call a kind of Americanism, which shocks our refined ideas, but which, when once the crisis of the present hour is over, may very possibly not be more inimical than the old régime to the only thing which is of any real importance, viz., the emancipation of the human mind. . . . It may be that general vulgarity will one day be the condition of happiness, for the worst American vulgarity would not send Giordano Bruno to the stake or persecute Galileo. . . . A narrow-minded democratic régime is often as we know very troublesome. But for all that, men of intelligence find that they can live in America as long as they are not too exacting. "Noli me tangere" is the most one can ask for from democracy.'

THE only preface which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge gives to his 'Daniel Webster,' in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s American Statesmen Series, is in a note at the foot of the first page: 'In preparing this volume I have carefully examined all the literature, contemporary and posthumous, relating to Mr. Webster. I have not gone beyond the printed material, of which there is a vast mass, much of it of no value, but which contains all and more, than is needed to obtain a correct understanding of the man and of his public and private life. No one can pretend to

write a life of Webster without following in large measure the narrative of events as given in the elaborate, careful, and scholarly biography which we owe to Mr. George T. Curtis. In many of my conclusions I have differed widely from those of Mr. Curtis, but I desire at the outset to acknowledge fully my obligations to him. I have sought information in all directions, and have obtained some fresh material, and, as I believe, have thrown a new light upon certain points; but this does not in the least diminish the debt which I owe to the ample biography of Mr. Curtis in regard to the details as well as the general outline of Mr. Webster's public and private life.'

WILLIAM CHAMBERS, of the famous Edinburgh publishing house of W. and R. Chambers, is dead. Born at Peebles, Scotland, eighty-three years ago, his early life was a hard struggle for education and subsistence. At the age of twenty-one, however, with the help of his brother Robert, a writer and editor of rare ability, he started a popular paper called *The Kaleidoscope*, which failed without involving its projectors in pecuniary loss. Eleven years later—in 1832—the two brothers made a new venture, which resulted more happily; for, with its third weekly number, the sale of *Chambers' Journal* reached 80,000 copies, and its success has been permanent. In 1859 William Chambers presented to the town of Peebles an institution which bears his name; in 1865, and again four years later, he was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh; and in 1872 he published a memoir of his brother Robert, with autobiographical reminiscences of considerable interest. He was the author of a novel called 'Allie Gilroy.' Such were the chief outward facts of a singularly successful and in every way honorable career.

The Literary World, of Boston, commenting on the immediate recognition by the publishers of the merits of Prof. Hardy's 'But Yet a Woman,' says: 'Publishers live in observatories, sweeping the heavens for new stars; and one seldom escapes them. A new and meritorious manuscript, no matter how effectually enveloped from the eye in folds of obscure origin, diffuses an aroma in a publisher's office which is instantly detected. It is the unsightly flower or the stale one which is passed by.' We will not dispute the astronomical methods of our publishers, nor will we ask how a manuscript could be enveloped in 'folds of obscure origin'; it is only the closing statement of the paragraph that we would question: 'It is the unsightly flower or the stale one which is passed by.' We need hardly rehearse the story of the manuscript of 'Jane Eyre,' or of Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' or of Dana's 'Two Years before the Mast,' that went begging from publisher to publisher; nor yet of Dr. Holland's first fruitless attempts to sell his 'Letters to the Joneses'; or of Miss Muhlbach's novels, which were refused on every hand and only published by accident; or, more recently of Mac Master's history, declined by three publishers before Messrs. Appleton accepted it. Great works are sure to find a publisher soon or late, but books of a high order of merit are doubtless at this very moment making a weary round of the leading publishing houses.

The Book-Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office.—Payment will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

17.—Wanted, in exchange for other books, the works of Brinton, Conway, Tylor, Madam Blavatsky, Inman, Bonwick's 'Egyptian Belief,' Bible Myths, York's 'Evolution,' Lyell's 'Man,' and kindred literature. Large exchange list to select from. R. A. Oakes, Norton, Mass.

18.—I would like to exchange the following volumes: Lamb's Dramatic Poets, almost new; 'Rome in the XIXth Century,' 2 vols., second vol. in only moderate condition; and Eugène Sue's 'Wandering Jew,' in moderate condition, for either Blackie's 'Lay Sermons,' Pascal's 'Thoughts,' 'Among My Books,' 1st series, 'Noctes Ambrosianae,' Father Prout's 'Reliques,' Swinburne's 'Stories in Song,' Linton's 'Rare Poems of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries,' or Holme's 'Autocrat (or 'Professor') at the Breakfast Table,' volume for volume, George F. Smith P. O. Box 1518, Pittsburgh, Pa.

*19.—Will exchange Prof. Encken's 'Fundamental Concepts of Modern Philosophic Thought,' Appleton, 1880 (new), for 'Lucile,' Myron Bly, Power's Building, Rochester, N. Y.

*20.—For exchange, Appleton's 'Picturesque Europe' for Appleton's 'Picturesque America.' Address E. W. L. at this office.

DUTCH NOTES.

De Portefeuille for April 28th contains an article on a criticism of Huët's 'Land van Rembrand,' which appeared in *De Spectator*, besides the usual critical matter.—'In our Flemish Regions,' by W. G. E. Walter, has recently appeared in Holland.—Another volume of 'Wanderings Through Holland,' by J. Craandijk, is just out.—'Old and Young,' by Mevr. van Westrheenen, is a good new novel.

'The Fate of Madame La Tour' has been translated into Dutch by C. Rogge.—'Frederick's Grandfather' is the title of a new novel by A. H. van der Hoeve.—'In den Harz,' by Johan Gram, published in Haarlem, is a sketch of mountain travel in Germany.—'The Ancient Principle of Free Trade and Modern Protectionism,' by E. C. Godée, has appeared in Utrecht.

RUSSIAN NOTES.

The Rouskii Viestnik for March contains a paper on 'Christianity, Mahometanism and Paganism in the Eastern Provinces of Russia,' by B. M. Youzefovitch; 'Revolutionary Agitations in Germany in the Beginning of the Present Century,' by A. Sboeff; 'Religious Life in North America,' 'The Last Prophet,' a poem, by D. V. Averkieff; the opening chapters of a novel called 'Bezдна,' by B. Markevitch; 'Ten Years on the Bosphorus,' 'Tales of Popular Life,' by V. L. Markoff; 'Serbia in Recent Years,' 'Drifting on the Cruiser Africa under the Flag of Rear-Admiral Aslanbegoff,' by V. H. Fridriksia; 'Art, Religion, and Nationality, in Regard to the Works of Count A. K. Tolstoi,' by P. K. Shtchekalski; and the usual reviews.

The Viestnik Evropii for April contains the first instalment of a novel dealing with life in the Ural district; the conclusion of 'Idealists of Thirty Years,' by P. V. Annenkoff; the conclusion of 'Periniaki,' an ethnological study, by N. Dobrotvorski; more of Bret Harte's 'Condensed Novels,' 'The Years of Revolution in Hungary,' 'Spielhagen and his Theories of Novel-writing,' by P. O. Morozoff; a continuation of 'Russian Social Life in the Satires of Saltikoff,' some chapters of 'Marion Fay,' reviews, correspondence, and political and social editorials.

GERMAN NOTES.

A GERMAN literary congress will be held in Darmstadt from the 8th to the 10th of September.—The correspondence of Berthold Auerbach with his uncle Jacob, in Frankfort, is to be published by Cotta. The letters cover a period of forty years.—A 'History of Slav Literature,' by Hermann Roskoschny, is shortly to be published in Germany.—A work by Otto Langer called 'The Political History of Genoa and Pisa in the XIIIth century,' has been published at Leipzig by Veit.—'Maximilian of Mexico,' a tragedy in five acts, by Hans Lübeck, has appeared in Leipzig.—'Arnim's Tod,' a dramatic poem in five scenes, by Hans Müller, has been published in Frankfort.—'Heinrich von Brabant, the Child of Hesse,' a story of the XIIIth century, by H. Brand, has appeared in Cassel.—'Women in the Musical Life of the Present,' by a lady named La Mara, has been published in Leipzig.

The Deutsche Rundschau for April contains the conclusion of 'Das Letzte Glück,' a short paper on 'Wagner's Death,' and a letter written by Wagner to his mother on the occasion of her birthday; 'The Wallpainting of Oberzell on the Reichenau,' by Prof. Kraus; 'The Sinking of the Cimbria,' the continuation of a novel, 'Aus Zwei Annetirtten Länden,' some musical and social reminiscences of St. Petersburg, by Ferd. Hiller; 'Ein Preussisches Beamtenleben,' and a short story by Frau Föuss.

'The Life and Works of Carl Maria von Weber,' by August Reifsmann, has just appeared in Berlin.—Otto Gildemeister's translation of 'Orlando Furioso' is highly spoken of by the German press.—'From the Memoirs of a Daughter of Princes,' by Robert Waldmüller, an account of the life of Princess Amalie of Saxony, a sister of King John, and known as a dramatic author and musician, has appeared in Dresden.—'The New Plutarch,' biographies of prominent characters of history, literature and art, edited by Rud. von Gottschall, has appeared in Leipzig.

ITALIAN NOTES.

PAOLO GIACOMETTI, a distinguished writer, died a few weeks since, near Genoa.—A new periodical, *Il Momento*, will shortly appear in Palermo. It is to be devoted to art, literature and sociology. It aims at being an 'organ of modern naturalism.'—The *Illustrazione Popolare* of Milan devoted an entire number to Raphael literature on the occasion of the painter's fourth centenary (April 6). It contained an article on 'The Genius of Raphael,' by the celebrated historian, poet and novelist, Cesare Cantù, and two sonnets by Raphael himself, addressed to the Fornarina, and never before published, which were discovered ten years ago in a rag-shop in Venice under an old drawing which connoisseurs claimed to be from the master's own hand. The same number contains some verses by the celebrated poet Andrea Maffei.

'No,' a novel by Ottone di Banzole, has recently appeared in Milan. The author has also published recently a collection of short tales and sketches under the title of 'Quartetto.'—Vittorio Imbriani has appeared in Bologna as the author of a commentary on Dante.—Senator Enrico Poggi has written a 'History of Italy from 1814 to August 8, 1846,' published by Barbèra in Florence, and pronounced by the *Fanfulla* 'a useful compilation.' The same paper contains a four-column article by Ernesto Masi on Christina del Negro, a German authoress of Italian origin. Her first romance, 'Auf Ewig Gebunden,' first published in the *Deutsche Zeitung* in 1879, deals with ecclesiastical Rome. She has published two other original novels and translated one from the Polish and one from the Italian.

A new literary journal, *Il Convito*, which will deal particularly with the study of Dante, has appeared in Syracuse.—The 'Spartaco' of Giovagnoli has been translated into Russian.—A volume of poems by A. Bernabei has appeared in Rome.—'Egyptian Sketches' by Signor Godio has just been published in Turin.—Vittorio Salmi, a well-known dramatic poet, died recently in Venice in extreme poverty. De Amicis's new book, 'Gli Amici,' is said by the reviewer of the *Fanfulla* to be prolix and monotonous.—The second volume of the 'History of Italian Literature in the Barbarous Ages,' by Emanuele Celesia, has appeared in Genoa.—A volume of twenty-five short stories called 'Donnine,' by E. Navarro della Miraglia, is praised by the Italian press.

The Fine Arts

The International Exhibition at Munich.

MOST of the pictures that have been gathered for transmission to the Munich exhibition are pretty well known to the public here. To take them in order of seniority, Mr. La Farge's contributions are perhaps the most aged. It is, at least, a question whether they or Mr. Kensett's landscape or Mr. Page's two portraits are the most venerable. The latter are the most antique in appearance; but then we know that an appearance of age has always been considered by Mr. Page to be one of the most important qualities a picture could possess. One of Mr. La Farge's works is the worst preserved picture in the collection, but that we know to be comparatively a recent one. Another is as fresh in color as the day it was painted. After these, Mr. Gilbert Gaul's 'Silenced' is a pretty old story; Mr. George Inness Jr.'s 'Mother of the Herd' has been seen many a time and oft; Mr. Arthur Quartley's 'Port of New York' and Mr. Charles H. Miller's 'Niagara' are last season's contributions to the Academy and the American Artists' Exhibitions respectively; Mr. Lippincott's 'Un Jour de Congé' is two years old at least.

This makes the collection less interesting than it might be if it were quite up to date; but then it would, in that case, hardly be as representative as it is now. Bearing in mind that the average of our work is much lower in merit than the average of the collection and that the best works it contains are not our very best, it should give, to Europeans, a reasonably good idea of where we stood in art two years or more ago. Such an idea, we are inclined to think, is worth having, and we

are sure that visitors to the exhibition will be pleased to see as good work as that of Mr. Eakins, of Mr. Maynard, of Mr. Beckwith. They will wonder at the mystic Mr. Vedder, and will try the effect of looking at Mr. Fuller's portraits through blue spectacles. The humor of Mr. Kappes and of Mr. Dolph and one or two others will furnish new themes to the artists of *Kladderadatsch*; and theories about the dreadful monotony of American landscape will be founded on the work of Mr. Twachtman, Mr. Enpeking and Mr. Murphy. It will, perhaps, be considered surprising that there is no other picture of the importance of Mr. Shields's 'Mozart's Requiem,' and it really is peculiar that it should have been impossible to find another as good and as ambitious to send abroad on this occasion.

The collection of drawings in black and white, of etchings and wood-engravings, will interest the Germans very much. In this kind of work, if we are far behind Europeans in some respects, we can, in others, give them a few points. American initiative has had a better chance in this field than in any other; partly on account of the smaller need for long-continued training, but mainly because of the wider and more American public interested in that kind of art.

"L'Art."

THE first volume of *L'Art* for 1883 (Bouton) is a great improvement on its immediate predecessors. From the pretty and effective 'Almanack' inserted opposite the title-page to the tail-piece at the end everything gives evidence of a desire to retrieve lost ground, and to keep the work well up to the demand of the time. There are several illustrated articles of permanent importance, the principal being those on Eugène Delacroix in Algiers, illustrated with reproductions of sketches by the artist; a fully-illustrated series of articles on Mantegna and his successors in engraving; one on Florentine niello-work; and an article on Italian miniatures of the XVth century, with some exquisite heliogravure reproductions of three examples attributed to Giulio Clovio. Two of the remarkable collections recently brought into notice are treated in a number of articles—the Narischkine collection and that of Count Jacques de Bérandière. The etchings that illustrate the former are among the finest that have ever appeared in *L'Art*. Particularly good are Rubens's study of Negro heads, etched by Edmond Ramus; 'La Consultation,' by Pieter de Hooch, etched by Mordant; and Gerard Dow's 'Old Woman at her Window,' also by Mordant. These two last really give the light and the manipulation of textures for which the paintings are famous. Better work in this line has never been done. Other good etchings are 'Sous le Directoire,' 'Jean Raisin,' by Masson, after Ribot; and 'La Dégustation,' by Albert Artigues, after Terburg. Even the book-reviews are unusually interesting as showing progress in all the lesser arts of design.

Art Notes.

ONLY 100 copies of the small and fifty copies of the large paper edition of 'Murillo and Valasquez,' published by J. W. Bouton, remain for sale in this country, the balance having been taken by Sampson Low & Co. As a specimen of book-making this volume does honor to the press from which it comes.

A prospectus of the catalogue of the forthcoming exhibition of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute is already issued; but it is expected that the engraving and press-work will be very slow, to insure perfection, and on that account the work can hardly be said to have been begun too soon. It is proposed that the drawings shall remain the property of the

artists, which will be an inducement to many to do better than they have been in the habit of doing for catalogue purposes. It is high time that a change should be made in this direction, if catalogues are to be made specimens of fine book-making as is the present intention. Weak or careless scrawls carefully printed on special paper make the whole affair ridiculous. Mr. Robinson, the director of the exhibition, is making a move in the right direction, and artists should find it worth their while to help him along.

The Drama

STAGE and pulpit are fighting again. In most countries this old pugilistic feud has been long since settled. Here, in America, where the drama is young and its rules imperfectly understood, the contest seems to excite perennial interest. Each of the combatants, clerical and theatrical, 'slugs' the other. The parsons cry 'Langtry'; the actors retort with 'Talmage.' One quotes the story of 'Frou-Frou'; the other quotes the story of Potiphar's wife. One declares that Camille was a vile wanton; the other insists that Noah was a shocking old drunkard. It is a playfully puerile amusement; the gloves are padded with abundance of cotton wool; and if either of the pugilists deals a particularly nasty blow, why, then, Captain Williams, in the name of public opinion, steps in and stops the fight.

In the current number of *The North American Review* there is a discussion of the subject. The symposiarchs are the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. William Winter. Dr. Buckley speaks for the pulpit, the others for the stage. Mr. Winter's essay is easily the best. While laughing at those who arraign the theatre as immoral, he declares that he would sympathize with those who would arraign it as a bore. 'No,' he says to the clergy. 'Present it as it really is and its dreaded glamor will vanish. Divest it of nonsense in your thought. Quit describing it as a fascination of the devil. Cease telling ignorant people to keep away from the one particular room in Blue Beard's palace. There is not among men a more exacting, laborious, stern profession than the stage. There is no place more strictly mechanical and prosaic than a theatre. The stage is not a Paphian Bower: it is a machine-shop. You may as sensibly allege the immoral influence of a cotton-factory as the immoral influence of the stage.'

Dr. Buckley, amid an ocean of commonplace, picks out unconsciously three of the best plays in the language and finds them all immoral. He thinks that no woman could read 'The School for Scandal' without a presumption of impurity; that 'She Stoops to Conquer' is based on a rake's persuading a girl to licentiousness; and that 'Money' is a succession of hypocrisy, covetousness, drinking, gambling and jealousy. Oh, ye gods! Can stupidity go farther? Pray, what is the end of preaching? If it be faith, then the drama does not compete with it. If it be works, then the drama surpasses it. Does Dr. Buckley believe that he could preach against slander as effectively as Sheridan preached? If his parishioners caught themselves backbiting their neighbors, which would do most to prevent them—the thought of Dr. Buckley's sermons or the memory of 'The School for Scandal'? What clergyman has kindled the glow of charity like the creator of the *Hardcastles*; and what better discourse on worldliness was ever delivered than that scathing satire of Bulwer, which sets this motto on its title page:

'Tis a very good world we live in
To have, or to lend, or to give in;

But to borrow, or earn, or come by one's own
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known?'

Mr. John Gilbert, the honored veteran of our stage, makes an admission which is as creditable to the writer as it is surprising to the reader. 'A large number of our theatres,' he says, 'are managed by speculators who have no love for true art, and who, in the production of attractions, consider only the question of dollars and cents.' Why, certainly. Look at Wallack's Theatre, for example. Here is a house, once eminent, once managed with a love for true art, now among the worst in the city. The entertainments provided by Mr. Tony Pastor are of as high a class as those provided by Mr. Wallack; and as if the latter had not driven away enough of his clients with 'The Silver King,' he now announces for next season the production of 'L'As de Trifle,' by Pierre Decourcelle, which the critics of Paris denounced as the lowest melodrama ever played at a theatre of the boulevards. Of the moral effect of 'The Silver King' and its fellows, Mr. John Gilbert, who has played in them, is more competent to speak than we are. 'I say, as an actor, without hesitation,' observes Mr. Gilbert, 'that they have a bad influence on nearly all people, especially on the young.'

Mr. A. M. Palmer has four reasons for believing that the stage is immeasurably improved. The first is that the theatres are better built, gentlemen being able to leave the Union Square Theatre between the acts without crushing the knees of the ladies whom they pass. The second is that the pieces are presented more elaborately, free rein having been given at the Union Square Theatre to the archaeological tastes of Mr. A. R. Cazauran, the adapter. The third is that the audiences are more refined, several people being wont to visit the Union Square Theatre in evening dress. The fourth is that the character of the plays is higher, 'Daniel Rochat' having been produced at the Union Square Theatre with indifferent success. In a word the Union Square Theatre has raised the drama to a loftier plane. We are glad that Mr. Palmer is satisfied with his work. For our own part we should have said that he had done even more to debase public taste than Mr. Wallack. With the exception of 'The Banker's Daughter' he did nothing but import trash from France. When he might have placed on his boards a sterling piece like 'My Partner,' he left it to the mercy of a chance company,

and relied on hacked and mutilated versions of Victorien Sardou, whom he absurdly calls 'the greatest dramatist of our age.' If his theatre had been made the home of native melodramas like the 'Danites,' it would be now the hub of our theatrical universe.

Mr. Winter sets the whole matter on its proper basis. 'The principal fault of the stage at the present time in America,' he says, 'is frivolity. Acting is a learned profession. The stage should be devoted to good plays, well acted, and to nothing else.' He is severe on the 'Grande Duchesse' and the 'Belle Hélène' which we, on the other hand, should consider very racy and effective satires. He holds Mr. Boucicault's admirable play 'The Willow Copse' to be better than 'any raff raff out of France,' not remembering that Frederic Soulié's 'Closérie des Génêts' was a still more famous play than Mr. Boucicault's. But he promptly disposes of the clergy. 'Must we destroy the stage,' he demands, 'because a milksop may chance to be injured by it? Is all life to be squared to the tastes and needs of simpletons?'

In a community of church-goers, not well instructed in matters of art, there is need, perhaps, of a compromise. That is the aim of the Madison Square Theatre. 'Ah!' say aspiring playwrights, 'but that is a Sunday-school. They will have no villains in their plays.' Well, why should they? Scribe knew something about the stage; he wrote more than two hundred plays, and had a villain in none of them. He built up the Gymnase Theatre in such a fashion that it came to be known as the 'Théâtre des Familles' and thousands visited it who objected to the more highly spiced fare of the other houses. We agree with Mr. Winter that nothing could be more fatal to dramatic art than the too obvious pointing of a moral. When people talk morality they cease to be dramatic. The moral, of course, must be wrought into the action, and if some mute inglorious Sheridan should be, at this moment, evolving another 'School for Scandal,' and should offer it to the Madison Square Theatre, we do not suppose that the managers would refuse it on the ground that Joseph Surface is a hypocrite and the screen-scene a little risky. Indeed, when this house shall have somewhat widened its scope, we believe that as a moral and educational force it will be more effective than any pulpit in the country.

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